A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, September 2. 1707.

FOR these two or three Papers, my Observations on Publick Affairs will be shorter than I design'd them, being forc'd to divert these Matters for an Affair of no less moment at Home — But I shall not make a long Work of it.

I am told there is but sad and lamentable News lately come from Abroad, which may in some Measure lessen the Joy, we are conceiving the Success of *Naples*, or *Thoulon*, and what is this but that the King of S....., the great Gothick *Hero*, that was to pull down the *Emperor* and the *Pope*, and do a World of strange things, is like to be satisfied with the Compliances of the *Emperor*, and we are to have no Way commenc'd there, to confound the Confederacy in defence of the Protestant Religion; this is sad News indeed, we have had the *Emperors* Politicks call'd in question upon several occasions, and there has been ground enough for it; I must own, but I cannot but acknowledge, that in this he has acted right Politickly to stop every gap, and rather yield to him that seeks occasions against him at such a Juncture as this, *and in my Sence I confess very Dishonourably*, rather than to slacken his Hands in the Confederacy, and lose the Honour of having a Hand in giving *France* a Mortal Killing Stab in the very Vitals, which it must be impossible she can ever recover.

This is certainly a surprise to some People, and if true, will greatly defeat, not the *French* only, but all those Chagrin People, that are for Deposing every King or Emperor, that does not do as they should do, or rather as they would have them do.

And now his S..... Majesty, may, perhap

haps find time, to reſcue *Poland* out of the hands of the *Muſcovites* if he can—*I ought to ſay*, or rather, *which I ſhould think to be as commendable too, and as like a Hero*, he may go and recover *Livonia*, and deliver his own poor Subjects, abandon'd there to the Tyranny of the *Czar*, while their natural King and Protector was ſo buſie, puſhing his Glory in *Poland* againſt King *Auguſtus*, that he could not, or did not, *which in ſome Sence is much at one*, think fit to find while, or find Forces to defend them.

If this be to be a Hero— If this be to make a King Great and Terrible in the World, God Almighty grant, *England* may never be Govern'd by Heroes; the QUEEN, who is as Great in the Sence of the whole World, as any Monarch now in the World, and as much Superiour to him, as he is to King *Auguſtus*, has obtain'd her Glory by, firſt Protecting the Liberty, Trade, and Religion of her own Subjects, and putting that into a flouriſhing Condition, and then puſhing on at the General Liberty of *Europe*—And all Princes who were truly Great, always made this their Rule.

But of that by the way; if this Accommodation go on, *as we are told 'tis very much hop'd it will*; the *Emperor* I hope, will be ſoon able to look towards the *Rhine* a little, and perhaps the *French* may in their turn receive a Check there too—And the recalling Prince *Eugene*, *a thing I confeſs I apprehended*, will Vaniſh out of our Heads again.

And now I want exceedingly to hear, how his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty receives the Tidings of the Affair of *Thoulon*— I look on that Place as loſt, and I believe all the Power of *France*, at leaſt, all ſhe is able to bring together in time, will not be able to divert that Blow.

If *France* ſtands that Blow, ſhe muſt have ſome *Magick in her Conſtitution*, that the World never ſaw before; ſhe muſt be built on Foundations that Humane Power cannot undermine, and it muſt be impoſſible to ſhake her—It is true, the Loſs conſiſts chiefly in her Marine Affairs, of which ſhe has at preſent no immediate uſe, and the real weakning to her Land Force is not extraordinary— But there are ſo many concurring Effects in a Conqueſt of that Conſequence, that it muſt ſtrike the Monarch like a Clap of Thunder, and it cannot be that he can reſiſt it—It cannot be that he can bear it—I am ſpeaking only my Conjectures, a News-Paper of ..... tells us, that if *Thoulon* be taken, it will be 500 Millions Loſs to the King of *France*— I don't ſay, I believe the Gueſs, but I do ſay 'tis the greateſt Prize that ever was taken at once in the World, ſince the taking the City of *Carthage*, by *Scipio Africanus*.

The Gentlemen that are ill pleas'd with the Succeſs of the Allies in *France*, and who begin now to think they will carry *Thoulon*, comfort themſelves now with this, that the Mareſchal *De Theſſe* will draw all his Forces together, and encamp under the Cannon of *Thoulon*, and in that Caſe they flatter themſelves, the *Imperialiſts* cannot Form the Siege of the Place.

To this I can ſay little, but this I am perſwaded, if he does, Prince *Eugene* will Attack him even in his ſtrongeſt Entrenchments; and on the other hand, if not, I am perſwaded, that having no notice of this Deſign, and not having erected ſufficient Magazines to ſuſtain himſelf there, he will be wiſer than to ſuffer 6000 Horſe to be ſo Coupt up as to be ruin'd, or to fall into the Enemies Hands; nor can it be thought, being in no condition to Fight, he can keep the Country open behind him. But a little Patience will explain all this.

MISCELLANEA.

I Have for a long time, patiently born with the Scurrilous Priets and Scandalous Reproaches of the Street, concerning my being in *Scotland*—To Day I am ſent thither by one Party, to Morrow by another; this time by one particular Perſon, that by a Body

Body of People; one one way, one another; and I have long waited to see, if out of innumerable Guesses they would at last make the Discovery of the true, *and to me melancholy* Reason, of setting my self in a remote corner of the World, which if they had done, I should no question have ben Insulted enough upon that Head.

But since their Guesses have too much Party-Malice in them to be right—tho' there are 5 or 6 Persons in *London*, who cannot only give them a true Account of my Removal, but recall me from this Banishment, if they had humanity in them, a Degree less than an *African* Lyon. I therefore cannot but take up a little room in these Papers about my own Case, not that I shall enter at all into those Particulars, which perhaps might be thought too mean, to move the Compassion of the Reader, I seek it not; there are two sorts of People out of the reach of the World, those that are *above it*, and those that are *below it*, and they may be equally happy for ought I know; of the last sort I reckon my self one, and declare, that as I am below their Envy, so I seek not their Pity; I am, I bless GOD, secur'd in my Retreat from their Fury, and am fully reveng'd of the World, by contemning all the Contempt it can throw upon me.

But I come to the Censures of the World —*An under-Spur Leather*, says one angry and raging Creature— *Sent down* into *Scotland to make the UNION*— *Sent down to write for the* UNION, *will not the Voyage of the* Union *bear to send the* Review *into* Scotland, &c. and the like; *Angry Man*! Not purely that I am employ'd, *as he calls it, but that he is not.*

But beyond this behold two new ones— One who is pleas'd to bestow Threatning Language, gives me his Compliment as follows.

REVIEW,

YOUR Canting and Pleading for the Union *loses all its Virtue, in the just Reproaches you lie under, of being a hired* Mercenary, *sent down to* Scotland *by the Court, and Directed there to write for your Pay; and like a meer Piece of Clock-work, strike as the Hand that points to you, and as the Weight of Reward is screw'd up, you have been told this by a noble Lord long ago, and by several of your Wretched Brethren, the Scriblers of the Town— Expect not therefore any regard to what you say, for 'tis all* Lyes, Forgeries, *and* Counterfeit; *your Design is to extinguish and Ruine* the Church of GOD and the Nation; *and therefore Impudent Scribler hold thy Tongue, or expect* not long *to have a* Tongue *to Blaspheme thy Superiours.*

Excellent stuff this is indeed! and sufficiently answers it self; but this is not all, I have with all this, Mr. *Rebearsal* on my back also— And he has got me a new Commission from the *Presbyterians*; I hope in a few Days I may have it down by the Post, with Directions where to go or send for my Sallary; for it cannot but be very wellcome at this distance, I assure him on several Accounts: Speaking of a Book call'd *The short View*, lately publish'd by me, &c. a Book I doubt not to defend against him and all the World,

> *He says, it is wrote by a* Remarkable Agent *of the Presbyterians in* England, *who has long been employ'd BY THEM, as their Publick Vindicator here, which he still continues: And he WAS SENT Down BY THEM the last Winter into* Scotland, *to manage their Concern as to* the Union there; *where he stayd a long time, and performs the Part of their Vindicator, to their Brethren in* Scotland. *Rebearsal*, No. 220.

How now shall I do to Reconcile these three Gentlemen; one says, *I am* sent by particular Persons, another by the Court, *who he means by that is not determin'd*; and the Third by the *Presbyterians*—I wish it had been first true, I was sent *by any Body*, for the Work is so Just, so Good, and so Honourable, I would neither have been asham'd of the Message nor the Sender—But I think the same Answer would be very fit to give to these Carping, Querulous Gentlemen, as honest *Samuel Colvil*, the Famous *Scottish Hudibras* gave, when he was complaining of the Abuses of those that Rail'd on him about his Poetry.

They say says, he, *that I am a bad Poet, but I Answer in few Words*: That's true, *and yet they* are LYARS, *because they aver it in Malice, not knowing whether it be true or false.* Preface *to the* Whiggs Supplicat. *P.* 6.

Now, Gentlemen, tho' it were true, that I were sent by this or that Man, Body of Men, Court, Presbyterians, or any Body, yet

you.